THE DODGE CITY TIMES

Subscription, $2 per year, in advance.

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AN OLD STORY NEWLY RENDERED.

Joe Blade had lived single for thirty-one years,
But now he decided to take him a wife;
Which he did with all promptness, untroubled by fears
Of a possible end to the peace of his life.

But soon he discovered that many loose ways,
Which in days of his freedom had sure taken form,
Were dispensing to her who should brighten his days,
And must now be abandoned—else life be a storm.

He called on an old boon companion one day—
Tom Waymor his name—and he told him his grief.
"That is nothing," said Tom, "for all wives have their say,
And the most of them freely express their belief.

"If you are in doubt that my statement is true,
We'll start out at once, and will give it a test;
We will call at each house and find out by some clew
If the wife has an influence over the rest.

"With every man we can find on the way
Whose wife has no influence, a cow I will leave,
If you will permit all those under her sway
The small gift of an egg from your hand to receive."

All day they labor, and many a man
Accepted his egg with a courteous bow;
But not one, when brought under the test of their plan,
Could be found who was worthy of taking a cow.

Their final attempt was made just before night,
Approaching a house, an old man they espied;
"I presume you're the owner," said Tom.
"Am I right?"
"Yes, stranger, I'm boss of this ranch," he replied.

"You're single? So you're single, I take it," said Joe.
"No, indeed. I've been married for twenty-five years.
But, betwixt you and me, I would have you to know,
No woman can ever lead me by the ears."

Said Joe: "You're the man we've been seeking since morn.
See, here are two eggs; come take which you please."
On examining them both, he preferred the short-horn,
But continued: "Just wait till I speak to Louise."

"My wife doesn't like the old short-horn at all,"
He said, on returning; "your pardon I beg.
But I'll now take the brindle, although she is small."
"No you won't," says Tom Waymor. "Joe, give him his egg!"

—*Detroit Free Press.*

Anti-Dyspeptic.

Some writer has said: "Christianity can make but little progress under the present system of cookery; dyspepsia is a cloud so dense it shuts out the very light of Heaven."

The only part of the machinery of the human system which has more than its allotted work given it to do is the stomach, which is cruelly overloaded and yet expected to retain its integrity under any and all circumstances. It is of no use to preach to people who are well. They can digest anything, and dyspepsia is to them an unknown quantity. It is the sick who need a physician and dyspepsia is not as often caused by eating rich food as eating irregularly, in too much haste, or over-eating. It is so absolutely true that what is one man's meat is another man's poison, that no one set of rules will do for mankind. Insufficient food will cause dyspepsia, poverty of blood and a host of evils. One man cannot digest eggs unless they are hard-boiled; another dare not touch cheese, so that the only standard for safe eating is to take that which agrees with the stomach and produces no bad effects.

Common sense must enter largely into all contracts with the stomach, for the fact that a conjurer can swallow a sharp sword once led a young man to experiment with his fork, which he swallowed and then died. Dyspeptics are the most imprudent people in the world and must be watched like children or they will starve until they die in the reaction, or eat the things they are forbidden to when tempted by appetite. A change of diet is always good. A change from hot food to cold is better than the same viands prepared in the same way, never varied, but as like as two peas, so that the identical flavor is preserved from June to January. The old days of cooking were better than the present, because there were fewer messes, stews and fries in mixtures to "try the veins," and when a disconsolate man asks his wife: "Why can't you cook like mother?" he forgets that he had a boy's appetite for plain cooking; that a roast apple or a doughnut were luxuries and mother's saleratus biscuits spread with molasses better than any French cooking he can get now. For the benefit of people who are semi-invalids, or who would like a training-school diet for a while, here is a

HYGIENIC BILL OF FARE.

Breakfast.
Lemons.
Graham pudding with cream.
Fresh fish with boiled rice.
Mutton chops, broiled dry.
Toasted gluten bread.
White custard.
Weak tea and milk.

Dinner.
Milk and barley broth.
Rare beefsteak—hominy.
Chicken boiled, with rice.
Cold rye bread—crackers.
Calves' foot jelly.
Cereal pudding—fruit.
Buttermilk.

Supper.
Graham bread toasted.
Baked apples, thickened milk.
Baked pears, with cream.
Water.

No butter, no vegetables except an occasional mealy potato roasted, no gravy or grease of any kind, no stimulating food of an unhealthy sort should be eaten. If the stomach craves condiments use red pepper, but see that it *is* pepper, and not brick dust, which it is apt to be. A little pure cayenne pepper sprinked on a slice of bread dipped in milk will be found very grateful, but must not be eaten if there is any fever. Nutmeg is a healing spice and can be used freely in milk broths, custards, etc. Stewed prunes answer both as food and medicine. The cereals, tapioca, sago, cracked wheat, corn starch, farina, etc., are all good. Dried apples, well cooked, are highly esteemed. Fresh fish, beef extracts, mutton and chicken, are all-sufficient for a flesh and fowl diet. No tea or coffee should be taken at all, or at the most a little weak tea drank lukewarm. Buttermilk, if it can be had, and if it is really fresh buttermilk, and not lobbered milk prepared for market, is an excellent drink. Lemons should be freely used unless they disagree with the stomach. Oranges should be eaten with discretion and but little of the pulp swallowed, as it produces a feeling of depression in the pit of the stomach.—*Detroit Post and Tribune.*

Frauds in Brandies.

They are chiefly practiced with inferior spirits in order to make them pass for cognac. It is many years now since the smaller growers began to add to their wines before distilling a certain quantity of inferior cognac or other spirit, such as Montpelier brandy, or barley, beetroot, molasses, rice, or potato spirit. Such is the richness in aroma of the pure and true cognac that it has enough and to spare for these additions of insipid alcohols. This fraud—and many maintain that it is no fraud—is undiscovered except by a very experienced taster indeed, gifted with a most sensitive palate; detection is easier when the foreign spirit is added after instead of before distillation. Then the biting harshness of new brandy is taken off with two drops of liquid ammonia to the bottle; the alkali neutralizing a portion of the essential oils which are chiefly given out by the grape-skins. Cream of tartar and candied sugar are also used for this purpose. The color of age is got expeditiously without molasses, either natural or burned; and this last is employed to produce the brown brandy of the English. But more elastic consciences, helped on by the scientific chemists, have descended by little and little to making cognac out of beetroot, maize, potato spirit, or any other alcohol that turns up in the market. For this a whole laboratory is required, embracing such matters as grape-sirup, burnt sugar, infusion of bitter-almond shells, vanille, tea, the root of the Florence iris (which we corruptly call orris-root), angelica seed, lemon-rind, walnut-husks, liquorice, camomile, gum catechu, and Tolu balsam.—*St. James' Gazette.*

—The Green River (Ky.) *Courier* takes the calico off the shrub in the matter of snake stories. It tells of a reptile that swallowed a rabbit and then tried to crawl through a rail fence, but stuck. While in this position it swallowed bunny numbers two and three, and, unable to get either backward or forward, hung on the rail until it died.

Morning Stars.

Saturn and Jupiter now adorn the morning sky and are called the morning stars. They will be the sun's bright harbingers during the whole summer, and will amply repay, by their beautiful appearance, the early riser who watches for their advent in the small hours before the dawn.

The same planets were evening stars during the winter and spring until they reached conjunction with the sun, Saturn on the 6th, and Jupiter on the 30th, of May. They were then close to the sun, or seemed so as viewed in the heavens, for when we speak of the position of the heavenly bodies we mean their position as seen from the earth. Thus we say that the sun rises and sets, when it is the movement of the earth on her axis that produces this result, and that the planets are in conjunction with each other when in reality they are millions of miles apart.

In describing the planets, we always refer to their position in the heavens as seen from the earth. Saturn and Jupiter were close to the sun in the month of May, passed from his eastern to his western side, and were then too near him to be seen. They have since moved far enough away to be visible in the morning sky before sunrise, and will continue to increase their distance from the sun, and to approach the earth until they reach opposition, Saturn in November and Jupiter in December. They will then in like manner pass to the sun's eastern side, becoming evening stars and repeat the same process in reversed order until they reach conjunction again.

It will be easy to follow the track of the outer planets when this simple law of their movements is once impressed upon the memory. Saturn and Jupiter are now brilliant illustrations as they rise earlier and increase in size and brightness while drawing nearer to the earth.

Saturn, during the last week in June, will rise about two o'clock. He must be looked for seven degrees south of the point where the sun rises, and will be known by his pale, steady light as well as by forming a triangle with the Pleiades and Aldebaran, being a few degrees west of them. Jupiter will rise soon after three o'clock, one degree south of the sunrise point and a few degrees east of Aldebaran. He is much the larger of the two planets and will be recognized at a glance. They will be so far from the sun by the last of July, that Saturn will rise at midnight and Jupiter an hour after. Those who watch the starlit sky during the silent hours when darkness shrouds the earth will find that these beaming planets are the fairest gems in Night's starry crown.—*Youths' Companion.*

Beginning Early.

They are traditional. They walk out of the station hand in hand, and they stop at the first confectioner's and buy soda water and red balls of popcorn and a quart of peanuts. They ride on the street cars and squeeze. They wander through the corridors of the City Hall and squeeze harder. They sit on a bench in the Grand Circus Park and yearn and sigh and lock fingers and look as foolish as two boys caught in a melon-patch.

Just such a couple left the train at the Union Depot and walked up Jefferson avenue yesterday. She had long curls and a pink dress and a yellow sash, and he had a standing collar sawing his ears off, a button-hole bouquet and a pair of new boots freshly greased and one size too small. They hadn't walked two blocks when they came to a man sitting on a box in front of a store, and as he caught sight of them a grin crept over his face like molasses spreading out on a shingle.

"Grinning at us, I s'pose?" queried the young man as he came to a halt.

"Yes," frankly replied the sitter.

"Tickles you most to death to see us take hold of hands, don't it?"

"It does."

"And you imagine you can see us feeding each other caramels, can't you?"

"I can."

"And you shake all over at the way we gawp around and keep our mouths open?"

"That's me."

"Well, that is me! I'm not purty, and I haven't been cultivated between the rows, nor hilled up nor fertilized. I ain't what you call stall-fed, and the old man looks twenty per cent. worse than I do, but it won't take me over a minute to jam your seven teeth into the ground! I told Lucy I was going to begin on the first man who looked cross-eyed at us, and you are the chap. Prepare to be pulverized!"

"Beg pardon, but I didn't mean ——"

"Yes, you did! Lucy, hold my hat while I mop him!"

"Say—hold on—say——!"

He took up the middle of the street like a runaway horse, and the young man took after him, but it was no use. After a race of a block the man who grinned gained so fast that the other stopped short and went back to his girl and his hat. Stretching forth his hand to the innocent maiden he remarked:

"Lucy, clasp on to that, and if you let go for the next two hours, even to wipe your nose, I'll never call you by the sacred name of wife!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

How to Construct a Dry, Clean Walk.

To make a good walk two things must be kept in mind. First, good underdrainage, and second, a hard smooth surface. To secure these remove all of the soil where it is desired to construct the path, at least twelve inches deep; into this place stones weighing from one to ten pounds each; the large stone should be placed at the bottom and the smaller ones at the top; and should be about nine inches in depth; cover the stone first with two inches of coal ashes; on this put two inches of fine gravel, sifting out all of the stones as large as a small walnut. The center of the walk should always be at least two inches higher than the edges. Make the gravel hard by pounding it down with an instrument made of some hard heavy wood, which can be constructed in a few moments, by taking a round log of wood, say six inches in diameter at the large end, and three and one-half feet long; bore an inch hole about a foot from the small end, into which drive a round tough stick, for a handle to lift it by, and the implement is made which will last a life-time, if kept in a dry place. In constructing the walk care should be taken to cover the ashes with gravel, deep enough, so that they will not come to the surface when the gravel is pounded down, as the coal ashes are entirely unfit for a surface covering, being inclined to be sticky in wet weather, and at all times liable to stick to the bottom of the shoes, and thus carried into the house, to the great injury of the carpets. Never be led by any one's recommendation, to cover the surface of walks with coal ashes, unless it is desired to injure the floors and carpets of the house and impose upon the good nature of the housewife. Walks thus made will always be dry and hard, even in the spring when the frost is leaving the ground, and they require but little labor to keep them in good order, except to keep the grass from encroaching upon the sides.

It should be the desire of every farmer to so construct the walks between the farm-buildings, so as to prevent, as far as possible, the soiling of the floors and carpets of the dwellings. A little effort in this direction will save the wife much hard labor and prevent many hard thoughts and perhaps hard words.—*Massachusetts Ploughman.*

Classes of American Tourists.

The Americans in Europe may be roughly divided into three classes. First come the cultivated and æsthetic few, of the type that the late Mr. Longfellow glorified in his "Hyperion," and that Mr. James loves to elaborate in a series of novels which would seem more artistic were they less monotonous. Then follow the far more considerable body who are refined in manners rather than in intellect; and who, settling chiefly in France, although sometimes in Italy, chameleon-like, take the colors of the people they live among. Finally, we have the grand rush of the tribes of the Philistines, or tourist proper, who might, of course, be subdivided almost indefinitely, but who nevertheless have their most characteristic features in common. The cultivated American, when he does not carry æstheticism to excess and imitate the morbid eccentricities of the feminine-minded English philanderer, is one of the most agreeable and entertaining of traveling companions.—*London Saturday Review.*